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Herbert George Wells was born in Bromley, Kent, England, on September 21, 1866. His father was a professional cricketer and sometime shopkeeper, his mother a former lady's maid. Although "Bertie" left school at fourteen to become a draper's apprentice (a life he detested), he later won a scholarship to the Normal School of Science in London, where he studied with the famous Thomas Henry Huxley. He began to sell articles and short stories regularly in 1893. In 1895, his immediately successful novel *The Time Machine* rescued him from a life of penury on a schoolteacher's salary. His other "scientific romances" — *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), and *The War in the Air* (1908) — won him distinction as the father of science fiction. Henry James saw in Wells the most gifted writer of the age, but Wells, having coined the phrase "the war that will end war" to describe World War I, became increasingly disillusioned and focused his attention on educating mankind with his bestselling *Outline of History* (1920) and his later utopian works. Living until 1946, Wells witnessed a world more terrible than any of his imaginative visions, and he bitterly observed: "Reality has taken a leaf from my book and set itself to supercede me."

Greg Bear's novels and stories have appeared in more than twenty languages worldwide and have won numerous prizes, including two Hugos, five Nebulas, and the Prix Apollo. His novels include *Darwin's Radio* (winner of the Nebula and Endeavor awards), *Darwin's Children*, *Vitals*, *Blood Music*, *Eon*, *Queen of Angeles*, and *Moving Mars*. He has served as a consultant and a lecturer on space and defense policy, biotechnology and bioterrorism, multimedia entertainment, and Internet issues.

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THE TIME MACHINE

H. G. WELLS

With an Introduction by
Greg Bear
and a New Afterword by
Simon J. James



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THE TIME MACHINE

Afterword

To be able to travel in time is an understandably common human fantasy—to anticipate our own futures, to revisit and perhaps alter past lives—or to travel even further, to witness historical periods far beyond the spans of our own existences. Though we do not have the actual ability to time travel, narrative is itself a kind of technology that compensates for that lack. Storytelling is not subject to the even flow of chronological time in which we actually live but can proceed at its own pace, speeding up or slowing down, and even interrupt itself, jumping around in time through the use of prolepsis (flash forward) or analepsis (flashback). Narratives about time travel have still greater freedom in the ways that they make their journey from beginning to end.

Appropriately enough, H. G. Wells explicitly frames the act of storytelling within his seminal, brilliant “scientific romance” *The Time Machine*: “Story!” cries the Editor when the Time Traveller returns from his journey to the future (page 16). The main section of the book features the hero recounting his story to his friends as they sit around his dinner table on extra-comfortable chairs of his own invention. In doing so, he is traveling both forward and backward in time, recalling from memory his experiences in the future. The story-within-a-story is a common device in the supernatural tale for addressing the issues of plausibility raised by writing in a genre outside of conventional realism—as if such a story knows itself to be a story. Think, for instance, of Henry James’s

both playful and traumatic ghost story *The Turn of the Screw*. Wells wrote later in his *Experiment in Autobiography*, “I had realised that the more impossible the story I had to tell, the more ordinary must be the setting, and the circumstances in which I now set the Time Traveller were all that I could imagine of solid, upper-middle-class comfort.”

What makes a story fantastic, or science fiction, is its contradicting something that is generally believed to be the case. This is just how the Time Traveller begins his story at the book’s first dinner party: “I shall have to controvert one or two ideas that are almost universally accepted. The geometry, for instance, they taught you at school is founded on a misconception” (page 1). Adopting a controversial position in an effort to educate his audience was a strategy that became characteristic of Wells himself. By the publication of *The Time Machine*, following a health scare, he had abandoned teaching for writing and was already the author of the scientific textbooks *A Textbook of Biology* and *Honours Physiography*. He claimed in his later book of essays, *Mankind in the Making*, that “scolding the schoolmaster [. . .] is an amusement so entirely congenial to my temperament that I do not for one moment propose to abandon it.” His eventual output of more than one hundred fifty books and pamphlets comprised both nonfiction writing that sought to improve the world and fiction through strong educational messages; many of these messages ran against the current of commonly held beliefs, such as on the origin of mankind, the sanctity of marriage, or the desirability of the nation-state.

The Time Traveller’s first lesson is that in order for an object to exist it must have four dimensions, as proven by the power of his time machine to travel in this fourth dimension as easily as mobile organisms are able to travel in the other three. *The Time Machine* was not the first time-travel narrative, of course, but it was more usual for characters to time-travel the same way humans naturally remove themselves from the experience of time passing: sleep, as in William Morris’s *News from*

Nowhere, which *The Time Machine* parodies, or Wells's own later *When the Sleeper Wakes*. Wells's innovation within the time-travel story is suggested by the title of his book (in manuscript it was called "The Time Traveler"), and by its original subtitle *An Invention*. The Time Traveller is able to experience 802,701 and other years besides—in the *New Review* version, he experiences a further vision of creatures that resemble a kangaroo and a centipede, while in the manuscript he visits the seventeenth century—because of the quality of his technology. The Time Machine is the product both of his own individual, entrepreneurial innovation, and, ultimately, of the historical forces of the Industrial Revolution.

Throughout his career, Wells was obsessed with technology, and in particular technologies of transport. Karl Marx is reputed to have hailed the invention of the railways as the "annihilation of space by time"; Wells's first political-futurological work, *Anticipations*, speculates on the "abolition of distances" by modern technologies. Later works imagine vehicles such as the Martian spacecraft and tripods of *The War of the Worlds*, moving roadways in *When the Sleeper Wakes*, and the massive airships of *The War in the Air*. George Ponderevo's invention of powered flight in *Tono-Bungay* foreshadows that of the Wright Brothers by several years; Wells also imagines military technology, such as the tanks in his short story "The Land Ironclads" and aerial bombardment in the film *Things to Come*. Given the "abolition of distances" by such transformative technologies, he argues, it has become more important for neighbors newly rendered closer to get along with one another better. The catastrophic outcomes of these fantastic stories show the appalling consequences of different classes, species, and nations failing to do so: thus do these books seek to educate as well.

The Time Machine's range of travel exceeds even that of these devices, but Wells's ingeniously partial description of the machine's physical details suggests a resemblance to a much humbler but no less Victorian technology of transport. The machine's components in-

clude brass rails, nickel bars, and a quartz rod. When first learning how to steer it, the Time Traveller feels the machine sway beneath him and notes that, when mounted properly, one should not sit sideways, but astride. When arriving in the future, the Time Traveller falls off: clearly he has reenacted the experience of many Victorians and, in learning to use this new mode of transport, fallen off his bicycle.

Wells was himself an enthusiastic cyclist, and his later stories *The Wheels of Chance* and *The History of Mr. Polly* show the increased freedoms granted to their heroes by their ability to get around on this cheap, mass-produced transport. However, neither Hoopdriver nor Polly is able to travel very far up the social ladder, because of their humble class origins, relative poverty, and poor education. In contrast, The Time Traveller, judging by the affluent, champagne-drinking, “solid upper-middle-class” masculine clique of the Medical Man and the Provincial Mayor in which he is first seen, and also by his apparent lack of a job, would appear to have a private income, and thus the financial and technological resources to soup up his machine sufficiently to power him far beyond the historical environment of late-Victorian Britain.

Just, however, as Wells counseled against “excelsior” biology in science—the belief that humanity would continue evolving to ever further heights of intelligence, complexity, and beauty—so too does he warn here against the assumption that late-Victorian society would forever continue to be a rich and highly developed, superior society. Of this notion, the Time Traveller is very soon disabused.

Of the many shocks that await him in the future, the first is that the London he has left behind may already represent the peak of humanity’s social and biological development, and that the future will see only decline. (For all of the enormous length of the Time Traveller’s journey in time, it should be noted that he does not go very far at all in space—merely from one side of his laboratory to the other, raising the possibility that the world

beyond southwest London has evolved into the technological utopia that he expects!) He explains to his audience of friends, "I had always anticipated that the people of the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousand odd would be incredibly in front of us in knowledge, art, everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question that showed him to be on the intellectual level of one of our five-year-old children" (page 27).

Intriguingly, this situation seems to have come about from an excess of comfort. At some stage in human history, the "haves" became too contented with their lot and ceased to struggle: not having been kept keen on the grindstones of either natural or sexual selection (the Eloi are constantly "making love in a half-playful fashion" [page 48]), the "human intellect [. . .] had committed suicide" (page 90). Half of humanity has become the pretty but foolish and childish Eloi. The Palace of Green Porcelain is not only a museum of human culture, it is all that remains of human culture. Wells was gleefully fond of using images of empty buildings to represent human or artistic productions that had lost their purpose. In 802,701, writing and abstract nouns have disappeared from language, and:

All the traditions, the complex organizations, the nations, languages, literatures, aspirations, even the mere memory of Man as I knew him, had been swept out of existence. Instead were these frail creatures who had forgotten their high ancestry, and the white Things of which I went in terror. (page 71)

Only technology has endured, maintained for the nefarious designs of the other half of human posterity, the cannibalistic and monstrous Morlocks, whose consumption of the descendants of the elite is a gruesome act of class revenge.

Not only must the Time Traveller revise his overoptimistic view of the future, but also of himself. (Wells's creations Doctor Moreau, the Martians, and the Invisible Man will also learn how apparent technological su-

periority fails to confer invulnerability.) For all of his brilliance in the present day as an inventor, the Time Traveller, he must himself admit, makes a poor show as a hero of Imperial Britain.

I have thought since how particularly ill-equipped I was for such an experience. [. . .] I had come without arms, without medicine, without anything to smoke—at times I missed tobacco frightfully—even without enough matches. If only I had thought of a Kodak! I could have flashed that glimpse of the Under-world in a second, and examined it at leisure. But, as it was, I stood there with only the weapons and the powers that Nature had endowed me with—hands, feet, and teeth; these, and four safety-matches that still remained to me. (page 63)

Even as a simple, firsthand reader of the world of the future, the Time Traveller makes repeated failures of understanding. His telling of his own story is punctuated with self-interruptions such as: “This, I must remind you, was my speculation at the time. Later, I was to appreciate how far it fell short of the reality” (page 33), or “it was an obvious conclusion, but it was absolutely wrong” (page 46). On first arriving in 802,701, the Time Traveller is confronted by a white statue of a sphinx, the famously inscrutable mythical beast. In order to compensate for his lack of a nineteenth-century adventuring toolkit, The Time Traveller must decivilize himself into a brutally effective primitive man, temporarily eschewing all technology except in its most basic forms: the club and the means of making fire. Then he must turn himself into a solver of ancient riddles like Oedipus, who also walked with a limp and consulted the Sphinx in his journey. The Sphinx asks “What walks on four legs in the morning, two legs in the afternoon, and three legs in the evening?” and the Time Traveller acts out in turn the answers: crawling baby (when he falls off his time machine), adult (when he stands up), and cane-bearing old man (when

he secures his mace from the Palace of Green Porcelain).

“Man,” in the sense of humankind, is also the answer to the riddle of the future, as the Time Traveller discovers first that the Eloi, then the Morlocks, are “heir to all the ages” (page 54), descendants of the fellow humans he has left behind. Such monstrous degeneration could be seen as the result of the Time Traveller’s own confident and easy belief in the certainty of progress, or even humanity’s unwillingness to heed the lessons of seers such as Wells and Thomas Carlyle, whose spirit the Time Traveller invokes. Perhaps the most positive reading of *The Time Machine* would be to take it as a warning, as an intervention: if humanity does not tackle economic inequality and poor education, then this future will be the result—but it is not too late for other futures yet. Indeed, in Stephen Baxter’s authorized sequel, *The Time Ships*, the Time Traveller’s telling of his story alters the nature of the future so that when he returns to 802,701, the future is different. For progress, both cultural and biological, to succeed, it must be managed, willed, driven, organized; otherwise awaits “the fate of energy in security; it takes to art and to eroticism, and then come languor and decay” (page 37).

Still worse visions await the Time Traveller as he escapes the Morlocks and voyages into the far, far future. Wells’s imagination was powerfully attracted to scenes of destruction—often because the potential ruin of civilization can function as a pretext for the reconstruction of a better one. Here, however, as the Time Traveller stands upon mankind’s “terminal beach,” Wells’s prose achieves a decadent, desolate beauty to which there can be no human answers:

The darkness grew apace; a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and the showering white flakes in the air increased in number. From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of

sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives—all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the eddying flakes grew more abundant, dancing before my eyes; and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze rose to a moaning wind. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping towards me. In another moment the pale stars alone were visible. All else was rayless obscurity. The sky was absolutely black. (pages 98–99)

The Time Machine is permeated with images of light and dark. Wells was very fond of the metaphor, which goes back at least to the Ancient Greeks, of light for knowledge and darkness for ignorance: in his essay “The Rediscovery of the Unique,” he declares that “science is a match that man has just got alight.” Fire, the most basic Promethean technology, might be developed into more complex and sophisticated forms or, as here, might go out. This eclipse is a prefiguring of the death of our sun and of all life on Earth, even the very basic posthuman life-forms he sees on the beach, the “sunset of ankind” that the Time Traveller has already witnessed (page 34).

The hero wearily delivers news of this forthcoming apocalypse to an audience that remains skeptical and unbelieving. Who, after all, can blame them? The storyteller, “one of those men who are too clever to be believed” (page 12) is asking his audience to accept a great deal, resignedly inviting them to “take it as a lie—or a prophecy. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. Consider I have been speculating upon the destinies of our race until I have hatched this fiction” (pages 101–2). For each of the story’s tellers, narrative told in ordinary human language is a technology insufficient to convey the reality of actually traveling in time:

In writing it down I feel with only too much keenness the inadequacy of pen and ink—and, above

all, my own inadequacy—to express its quality. You read, I will suppose, attentively enough; but you cannot see the speaker's white, sincere face in the bright circle of the little lamp, nor hear the intonation of his voice. You cannot know how his expression followed the turns of his story! Most of us hearers were in shadow, for the candles in the smoking-room had not been lighted, and only the face of the Journalist and the legs of the Silent Man from the knees downward were illuminated. At first we glanced now and again at each other. After a time we ceased to do that, and looked only at the Time Traveller's face. (page 18)

The setting for the Time Traveller's narration is strongly reminiscent of a scene of hypnosis or sleight of hand, a conjuring trick. However, perhaps the proof of the Time Traveller's story is his own ultimate absence from it. If he wanted to cover his own disappearance, why concoct such an elaborate story as this? More likely for him, surely, would be one of the grisly fates at the hands of cavemen or claws of dinosaurs that the frame narrator imagines. The outer narrative closes in thinking of Weena, the child-woman whose life the Time Traveller saves, and whose death he also inadvertently causes, but who emerges as the book's unlikely symbol of hope. The Time Traveller himself, we are told:

... thought but cheerlessly of the Advancement of Mankind, and saw in the growing pile of civilization only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end. If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so. But to me the future is still black and blank—is a vast ignorance, lit at a few casual places by the memory of his story. (pages 107–8)

The flowers brought back from the future do not belong to any “natural order” known to the Medical Man (page 103), and might be material proof of the Time Traveller's

journey in time, but also proof that “even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in the heart of man” (page 108). For all of the awe and terror induced by Wells’s possible vision of the future, such acts of affection, of bonding, offer the possibility that indeed the Time Traveller’s vision may not be so. An attentive reader or listener of this fantastic story of things that are not so—or, at least, are not so yet—is invited not just to consume, but to learn from it. If the future is indeed “still black and blank,” then it can still be illuminated by the narratives that might yet be imagined there.

—Simon J. James

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